OUR LITERARY BUDGET.

LATE GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

An Ideal of Clear Intellect, Pure Taste, Moral Purpose, Chivalry of Feeling, Personal Refinement and Grace.

Among American men of letters no man of this generation has completely filled as Mr. Curtis did the ideal of clear intellect, pure taste, moral purpose, chivalry of feeling and personal refinement and grace. From the moment of his entrance into public life, as a speaker—now nearly forty years ago—he has entirely satisfied, especially for the mind of sensitive and generous youth, the higher conception of purity, dignity and sweetness. His noble presence and serious demeanor, the repose and sweep and sway of his eloquence, and the crystal clearness of his literary style were all felt to be naturally and spontaneously representative of an exalted personality. Upon all public occasions the tremulous sensibility of his feelings and the inflexible reticence of his mind were not less remarkable than the absolute propriety and perfect symmetry of his language. In the element of felicity few orators have equaled him, and no orator has surpassed him. He was, of course, an artist; but the soul of his art was the virtuous and wise sincerity of a noble nature. The work was fine, but the man was finer than the work; and of all the charms that he exerted none was so great as that of his pure and gentle spirit. His manners, indeed, were so undemonstrative and so polished as to seem cold; but all who knew him, all who ever listened to his speech, felt and owned in him the spell of inherent, genuine nobility.

Perhaps the best oration he ever delivered was his oration upon Robert Burns—in which every word thrills with the pulsation of human kindness, and of which the spirit is love for every virtue and pity for every weakness of the human race. But his theory of equality was not degradation. He desired and he labored to equalize the race, not by dragging people down, but by raising them up. If he was fastidious and reticent, he did not deny to others the right to be fastidious and reticent also. In this he was of the kindred of Bryant and Washington Irving and Longfellow and Emerson—with whom he had much in common, and the spotless standard of whose art and life he loyally and brilliantly sustained and has transmitted in light and beauty to all the younger men of letters who succeed him. In all that the word implies he was a gentleman; there is no worthier or more expressive tribute that can be brought to any man's coffin than the tear that will not be repressed for life-long devotion to duty, for goodness that never faltered and kindness that never failed.

He was master of a style as pure as that of Addison and as flexible as that of Lamb. In its characteristic quality, however, it does not resemble either of those models. The influences that were most intimately concerned in forming his mind were Emerson and Thackeray. He had the broad vision and the fresh, brave, aspiring spirit of the one, and he combined with those the satirical playfulness, the cordial detestation of shams, and the subtle commingling of raillery and tender sentiment that are characteristic of the other. His habitual mood was pensive, not passionate, and he was essentially more a contemplative philosopher than either an advocate, a partisan, a reformer or a politician—all of which parts he sometimes was constrained to assume. He was born for the vocation of letters and his best success was gained in the literary art. His "Howadji in Syria," his "Nile Notes," and his "Prue and I" will survive in the affectionate admiration of his countrymen long after his political papers are forgotten. "Prue and I" is one of the most delicate, dreamlike books in our language, and the spirit that it discloses is full of romance and tenderness and beauty. The affectionate heart, the lively fancy and the subtle literary instinct of Goldsmith could not have made it finer. As an orator he had all the grace and fifty times the emotion of Everett, whose tradition he has perpetuated. His rhetoric was not merely a sheen of words, but it burned and shimmered with the vital splendor of a sincere heart. He was in earnest in all that he said and did. He has had a long and good life and his name is noble forever.—New York Tribune.

Books and Newspapers.

A serious aspect of the book question is indicated by the falling off of the sale of books in the country bookstores. It is that books are being replaced by newspapers and periodicals; that is, of course, relatively, for the weekly publication lists of the world are still enormous and increasing. It is probably true that the respect for a book as a book has declined with the public. This may arise from the fact that so many things are put in covers which are not books, and that a large proportion of so-called books, including the majority of novels and of books of travel, are not so well written as the columns of the ordinary newspaper; but it is more likely due to a certain haste and impatience in the modern mind to come at information quickly, that which leads men to snatch their mental food from a newspaper paragraph, and often to be content with reading only the headlines of that paragraph.

There is also a desire to find an easy cut to knowledge which induces women to meet in clubs twice a week to hear some bright woman, who has read the newspapers, tell them the news of the day. These paid and professional newsreaders or venders are popular with those who cannot afford a quarter of an hour a day to glance at a newspaper, and to reflect for five minutes more upon the meaning of the intelligence of the whole planet which is daily spread before them. But for women who like to strengthen their minds by investigating for themselves, and not to be fed with a spoon, and for most men, there are visible reasons why newspapers and magazines are more read than books. There is more good writing in the newspapers and periodicals, at least in this country, than there used to be.

Some of the brightest and best-informed and trained minds in the land give their entire time and energy to the daily and weekly press. They do this under the law of supply and demand. They get better pay for this work than they could get, with few exceptions, for writing books. The newspaper is pushed as a commercial enterprise as it never was before, and it can afford to command the best talent to swell its circulation, upon which its profit from advertising depends. By this demand, doubtless, the higher, the spontaneous, literature loses, but the ephemeral gains in quality and ability to satisfy the wants of the reading public. The authors of books, as a rule, have been inadequately paid for their labors. It is no reproach to them if they desire better pay and a larger public. It was always dignified to write for a first-class review or any periodical of character, but it is within the memory of this generation when the public saw with a shock of surprise the names of men of letters of high rank advertised as contributors to a weekly paper.—Charles Dudley Warner in Harper's Magazine for September.

Magazine Literature.

A year or two ago the Century Magazine announced editorially the number of manuscripts that had been submitted to it for publication in the course of twelve months. Our recollection is that the average number to be examined daily was about fifty, allowing three hundred working days to the year. In other words, there was more matter submitted every day than would suffice to occupy the available space of a monthly edition. We suppose that the Harper, Scribner, Atlantic, Lippincott and Cosmopolitan magazines are all suffering from a like embarrassment of riches, and it is evident that a vast deal of good matter is necessarily refused. It is impossible, as the Century after remarked, touching this point, to use all the beautiful and fragrant flowers of an extensive and abundant garden in making up a single bouquet. The author of a rejected poem, essay, descriptive article, sketch or story is not obliged, therefore, to conclude that his work has been pronounced wholly devoid of merit by the magazine examiners of manuscript—"professional readers." The Century, indeed, declared that it had been surprised to discover that there was such a large number of excellent writers in this country.

That multitude, we should say, however, is not so great in proportion to the population of the country as to the number of first-class magazines. Say, to be quite within the limit, that the population of the United States is only sixty-five millions. Then, if only one in every ten thousand of the inhabitants of this republic is capable of doing good literary work, we have here a body of 6,500 writers, any one of whom might, without presumption, submit at least one manuscript to some one of the magazines we have mentioned in the course of a year. Now, 1,200 contributions would be more than could be used by all those magazines together in that length of time; but, if so many could be used, there would be left 5,300 "rejected addresses." This is a sad showing for the ambitious; but it does not cover the whole ground for discouragement. It must strike every one that if anything like as many as fifty manuscripts are examined daily by one magazine they must be hastily examined.

Of course we must not suppose that the best six thousand writers in the country are all engaged in writing for magazines, or even that they would, all together, submit as many as six thousand manuscripts for publication in any one year. But while the ambitious writer remembers that many of his competitors, probably the majority of them, can produce nothing that a magazine editor might not properly dismiss at a glance, he must also remember that he is competing with others who have won their spurs—writers of distinction, whose contributions are accepted almost without a glance. Every habitual reader of the magazines must have grown familiar with certain names from the frequency with which he has seen them in the list of contributors in his favorite periodicals. Many of these names are little known beyond the circle of magazine readers; but they are the names of the writers who have won the favor of the editors (deservedly, in almost every instance), and who sadly diminish the space that would otherwise be available for the compositions of unknown writers. How great, then, are the odds against the unknown writer? We should say that everything depends upon the degree and direction of his talent, or better yet, of his genius. He may fail again and again; but he will be discovered sooner or later if he really has something of the right sort to say, and if he knows how to say it.—New Orleans Picayune.

Swinburne, Herrick and Shakespeare.

Mr. Swinburne's preface might be made the text of several interesting discussions. Herrick's fate in literature is passing strange. On the one hand, the most melodious of English songsters is delivered to the archaeologist and the folk-lorist as a body for dissection; on the other hand, his sweet, clear verses are made the theme of the rhetorical-impressionists' impressions. Mr. Swinburne, like Mr. Henley and Mr. Palgrave, has chosen the better part—to indicate rather than translate 'the charm of Herrick at his best,' a charm, he says, 'so incomparable and so inimitable that even English poetry can boast of nothing quite like it or worthy to be named after it.' Unfortunately he has marred this most generous tribute by the addition of a somewhat debatable opinion. He places Herrick above Shakespeare as a songwright: 'Shakespeare's last song, the exquisite and magnificent overture to "The Two Noble Kinsmen," is hardly so limpid in its flow, so liquid in its melody, as the two great songs in "Valentinian;" but Herrick, our last poet of that incomparable age or generation, has matched them again and again.' Of course, any one is justified in arguing that these things do not go chronologically, and that the dirge in 'Cymbeline' (to choose a single example where more might be offered) is at least as 'exquisite and magnificent' as the 'overture.' But there is no disputing Mr. Swinburne's main contention, that Herrick is 'the greatest song writer—as surely as Shakespeare is the greatest dramatist—of the English race.' Nor are we disposed to raise objections to the limitation he lays upon Herrick's powers (he 'lives simply by virtue of his songs; his more ambitious or pretentious lyrics are merely magnified or prolonged and elaborated songs') because, although we do not accept the second proposition, in view of the 'Farewell to Sack' and the 'Farewell to Poetry,' it is perfectly true that 'as a creative and inventive singer he surpasses all his rivals in quantity of good work.' In other words, he wrote songs marvellously well, and his other works are scarcely so much 'elaborated songs' as comparative failures.—Theodore Watts, in The Athenaeum.

Literary Notes.

"John Ward, Preacher," by Mrs. Deland, is said to have reached its fifty-fifth thousand.

A new story by Amelie Rives, entitled "Barbara Dering" will be issued by the Lippincotts.

The Scribners will add Dr. Holland's "Bitter Sweet" and "Kathrina" to their Cameo Series.

Roberts Brothers have nearly ready the complete Poems of Philip Bourke Marston, edited by Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton.

Joel Chandler Harris, author of the "Uncle Remus" sketches, was born on the African coast, whither his parents had gone as missionaries.

"Mr. Fortner's Marital Claims," a new story by Richard Malcolm Johnston, which is accompained by a few short stories, will be the last book in D. Appleton & Co.'s dainty summer series for the current year.

Pertinently to the present vogue of the Keeley cure, Dr. T. D. Crothers discusses in the Popular Science Monthly for October the merits of the various specifics for the cure of inebriety that have claimed attention at different times.

Dr. Conan Doyle says about historical novels that a man must have an enthusiasm for the age about which he is writing. "He must think it a great one, and then he must go deliberately to work to reconctruct it. Then his is a splendid joy."

The Scribners have in press "The Campaign of Waterloo," by John C. Ropes, with an atlas; "Spanish Cities," by Dr. Charles A. Stoddard; "Poems of Rod and Gun," by Ernest McGaffey, illustrated by Herbert Butler; and the complete poems of Mrs. Julia R. C. Dorr.

The special edition of "Old Italian Masters," with the engravings by Mr. Timothy Cole, to be published by the Century Company, in October, is to consist of 125 sets of a Portfolio of Proofs, at $175.00 a set, instead of 175 sets at $1.75 each, as quoted in our issue of August 27th.

Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson is now living quietly in Oxford, where she has made many delightful friends. Few people who read her charming stories and sketches and note her keen appreciation of clever word-play would suspect that she is very deaf.

Macmillan & Co. hope to have Mr. Bryce's latest edition of his "American Commonwealth" ready by October 1st. They also announce "The Beauties of Nature and the Wonders of the World," by Sir John Lubbock; and a "History of Early English Literature," by the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke.

The "Easy Chair," which Mr. George William Curtis filled so long and so well in Harper's Magazine, is probably to remain forever vacant. The New York Sun states that there is an installment written by Mr. Curtis now in hand for the October number, and that on the conclusion of the current volume the department will be omitted. Mr. Henry M. Alden, editor of Harper's Magazine, said: "It is difficult to imagine an 'Easy Chair' without Mr. Curtis to fill it."

THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

APPROPRIATE SUNDAY READING.

Religion as an Educative Force—The Greatest of Fools—Two Ways of Doing Good—Notes.

IN THE DEAD HAND.

They tell the tale unsmiling.
Old men their hours beguiling
As they can;
Each annual September,
They sadden who remember
Inkermann.

Yet of that field one story
Shines through the gloom and glory
Of the fight;
Over the cannon's roaring
There sings a lark-song, soaring
Out of sight.

Aloof where men lay bleeding
In fatal pain, whose pleading
Made no cry;
Shot-pierced and sabre-smitten,
A young and gallant Briton
Crept to die.

At sunset there they found him,
With the red snow around him,
And his hand
Laid on the Book whose healing
All hearts to heaven appealing
Understand.

And 'neath his frozen fingers,
Those words whose hope outlingers
Human strife,
Glowed like a star's reflection,
"I am the Resurrection
And the Life."

Comrades to burial bore him,
But not death's rending tore him
From his prize;
For in his hand caressing
Still clung the leaf whose blessing
Closed his eyes.

O Christian song supernal,
Words sweetest, Love eternal
Ever said!
Peace at your call comes flying,
And they who clasp you, dying,
Are not dead.

—Theron Brown, in Youth's Companion.

Religion as an Educative Force.

Carlyle says, in the beginning of his lectures on Heroes, that "the vital fact about every man is his religion." When strong personality and deep spirituality combine in one character, there is the natural teacher; the seer and the imparter, for there is the vis viva in its fulness. No "psychology" can supply the vital force which it seeks to analyze. An education that neglects the human spirit does not deal with men, as men, but as automata. The true pedagogue is he who looks behind the phenomena of mind and matter to the noumena of spiritual being and actuality. This is why the educator's work is "like no other work. It is eternal." But if the combination of individuality and spirituality cannot be had, spiritual insight is a higher quality in the teacher than force of impact. In any case a religious atmosphere is a "condition" that can hardly be overrated among educational appliances. A paragraph which has just fallen under our observation in a newspaper, notes that in 1810 "the heart of President Appleton (of Bowdoin) was cheered by the admission of a single Christian student, there being then no professed Christians in the college"—"one sign of many," says the writer, "that the religious, as well as the political opinions of Jefferson were in the ascendant in the first decades of the century." But if the students were not religious, the colleges were; in their constitution, their discipline and their officers. No man could get learning without religion as the medium through which it was dispensed, and many a graduate realized in after life that in getting wisdom he had "got religion," too. Moreover, we believe it to be easily demonstrable that the colleges which have held fast to their religious character in defiance of popular clamor have in the past sent forth, and are now sending forth, as many distinguished men, in proportion to the whole number of graduates, as the most "liberal" universities of the period, and this in the face of immeasurably inferior apparatus and equipment, the penalty of their steadfastness. We believe it to be also demonstrable that such graduates make their mark, not as specialists and "experts," but as "all-round men," ready for the business of life, as life is; its duties and responsibilities, and bringing healthful and steady pressure to bear upon their generation along the true lines of human progress.—New York Churchman.

In Dollars and Cents.

The good things in the world are always cheapest; spring water costs less than whiskey; a box of cigars will buy three Bibles; a State election costs more than a revival of religion; you can sleep in church every Sabbath morning for nothing, but a nap in a Pullman car costs you $2 every time; the circus takes fifty cents, the theatre $1, but the missionary box is grateful for a penny; the race horse scoops in $2,000 the first day, while the church bazaar lasts a week, works twenty-five or thirty of the best women in America nearly to death, and comes out $40 in debt.—R. J. Burdette.

The Greatest Fool.

Bishop Hall tells us that there was a certain nobleman who kept a fool or jester (a common occurrence in great families in former days), to whom he one day gave a staff, with a charge to keep it till he should meet with one who was a greater fool than himself. Not many years after the nobleman was ill and near death. The jester came to see him, and his lordship said to him: "I must soon leave you." "And where are you going?" asked the fool. "Into another world," replied his lordship. "And when will you come again—within a month?" "No." "Within a year?" "No." "When then?" "Never." "Never!" said the jester, "and what provision hast thou made for thy entertainment there where thou goest?" "None at all." "No!" said the fool; "none at all! Here, then, take my staff, for with all my folly, I am not guilty of any such folly as this."

Mighty Poor.

We asked an old colored preacher the other day how his church was getting on, and his answer was: "Mighty poor, mighty poor, brudder." We ventured to ask the trouble, and he replied:

"De cieties, de cieties. Day is jist drawin' all de fatness and marrow outen de body an' bones ob de blessed Lord's body. We can't do nuffin' widout de ciety. Dar is de Lincum Ciety, wid Sister Jones an' Brudder Brown to run it; Sister Williams mus' march in front ob de Daughters of Rebecca. Den dar is de Dorcases, de Marthas, de Daughters of Ham an' de Liberian Ladies."

"Well, you have the brethren to help in the church," we suggested.

"No, sah. Dere am de Masons, de Odd Fellers, de Sons of Ham an' de Oklahoma Promise Land Pilgrims. Why, brudder, by de time de brudders and sisters pays all de dues an' tends all de meetin's dere is nuffin' left for Mount Pisgah church but jist de cob; de corn has all been shelled off an' frowed to dese speckled chickens."—Arkansas Baptist.

Two Ways.

In these days, when so many sincere people are trying to help their weaker brothers, this incident, true in every detail, may have its significance and use.

Three years ago the pastor of a city church appealed to the members of his congregation to take a more active part in helping the poor and the criminal classes. The next day two young married women, wealthy and gently bred, went to him in response to his appeal. He sent them to the women's ward of the city prison. They went together, separated after being taken to the ward by an attendant, and in an hour or two met again at the gate.

"Tell me how you were received and what you did," said Mrs. C——, anxiously. She was a timid, diffident woman.

"The work is, of course, new to me," said Mrs. V——, "and I know nothing of the habits of mind of these women, or what would appeal to them. The gulf between us seems so wide that I concluded the more direct and plain I made my condemnation of their evil habits of conduct the better.

"At the window of each cell I spoke kindly but firmly to the occupant, and told her I had come to talk about her life and its sinfulness. One of them was stolid and dumb. Two were really abusive. I do feel sure that one of the four or five with whom I talked was impressed by the truths I told her.

"I shall come again," she continued, "but I believe it to be useless. Between us and them there certainly is a great gulf, and I do not see how it is to be covered."

The two women walked in silence for a while, and then Mrs. V—— said: "What did you do?"

"Oh, so little!" exclaimed the other. "I only went to one cell. I saw a poor mulatto woman who had been convicted of larceny. Her defense was that her child was starving, and so her sentence was light. When I saw her I thought I might be where she is if God had given me a black skin, and poverty and a hungry child —"

"Ridiculous!" said Mrs. V——, indignantly. "You could never have been a thief."

"God only knows. At any rate I could not preach to her. So I only talked of her child, and told her about my little Jack, and said how sorry I was she could not be with her baby. I am going to see it, and I shall go to-morrow to tell her about it."

Mrs. V—— visited the prison twice after this first interview and lectured the women; but finding that she was received coldly, she abandoned them, and ever after spoke of the criminal classes as 'hopeless."

Mrs. C—— looked after the poor black baby while its mother was in prison. When the woman was released she took her into her house, contrary to Mrs. V——'s advice, and gave her work and a home.

"I cannot think she will steal from me," she said, smiling. She taught and watched over her as tenderly as a sister.

The poor thief is now a member of the Methodist Church, earnest and hopeful in her struggle to do right and to make a man of her boy.

We cannot stand upon a height and order our brother out of vice.

Christ, let us remember, when he blessed the weak and helped the wicked, first laid His loving hands upon them.—Youth's Companion.

Religious Notes.

Zululand now has a monthly Church paper. One hundred and fifty housand copies of the leaflet, "The Church and Her Ways," have been printed and circulated.

A London clergyman has a regularly made prize-ring in the basement of his church, and presides at amateur boxing contests.

A new Roman Catholic church has been dedicated in Fiji. It was almost entirely the work of Catholic natives, and built with foundations of massive masonry, some of the stones weighing several tons, and cemented together so as to render the structure proof against the fiercest hurricanes.

The parishoners of St. James' church, Ashland, Va., have given to the Rev. J. Lindsay Patton a very handsome silver communion service and baptismal bowl for use by him in his church at Mayebashi, Japan. Some of Mr. Patton's friends at Ashland have also given handsome altar linen.

The Christian people of Chicago are taking hold in earnest of the problem of religious influence over the crowds that will gather at the Exposition. Among other means, they have organized a South End Gospel Association, which is to continue the open-air services, which for some time have been held opposite to gate "No. 2," of the Exposition, and will follow them up with prayer meetings and evangelistic services during the Exposition. Mr. K. A. Burnell, the veteran evangelist, is much interested in the movement.

Father Lockhart, who was with Cardinal Newman at Littlemore at the crisis of his career, speaking of Newman's influence, says: For there was about him a spiritual power, an influence, or rather an effluence of soul, the force of moral greatness, which produced on some a feeling of awe in his presence. There was a tradition in my time at Oxford that once on market day, when the upper end of High street, near Carfax church, was much crowded with roughs, and the "Town" and "Gown" element were apt to come into collision, Newman was walking past All Saints' church in the line of march of a furiously drunken butcher, who came up the street, foul-mouthed and blasphemous. When they were near together, Newman stood in his path; my informant, who was a "muscular Christian," the stroke of his college boat, expecting violence, came close behind the butcher, and was just making ready to fell him when he saw the man stop short. Newman was speaking to him. Very quietly he said: "My friend, if you thought of the meaning of your words, you would not say them." The savage was tamed on the spot; he touched his hat, turned round, and went back. Newman could do more by a few words than anyone living. "What did he say to you?" was asked of one who had been called up by Newman for some more or less serious matter. "I don't know," said the other, "but he looked at me."

The basis and terms of organic union between the African Methodist Episcopal and the African Methodist Episcopal Zion churches have been arranged by the two Episcopal councils, in accordance with the action of the joint commission, which met last May in Harrisburg, Penn. The terms of organic union are in brief as follows: First. Finding that both churches have the form of government common to Episcopal Methodism and likewise have the twenty-five Articles of Religion, the general rules, and some sacraments and forms of worship peculiar to Episcopal Methodism, as well as the general, annual, district and quarterly conferences, they recommend that all be retained in the united Church, with all the rights, prerogatives and responsibilities as at present. Second. They find, also, that both churches are at one in their belief in the Scriptures and the general fundamental doctrines of Methodism. They recommend that all statutory laws and rules be submitted to the United General Conference for such alterations, modifications, or addenda as may be found necessary to perfect and perpetuate the union. Third. They recommend the name approved by the general conference, namely: African and Zion Methodist Episcopal Church. Fourth. They recommend that all property of every sort belonging to either of the churches shall, after the ratification of the agreement, be vested in the united Church and that the trustees and officials shall have the same rights as if no change of title had taken place. Fifth. They recommend that its propositions as above named be submitted to all the annual conferences and churches or worshiping congregations throughout the bounds of both connections for their approval or ratification, and when a majority of the annual conferences and three-fourths of the quarterly conferences and three-fouths of all the churches or worship congregations who shall be communicant members at the time the vote is submitted and may be taken, shall concur or ratify the same, these two churches shall be declared one Church or denomination under the above designated title. Mission churches or congregations being more subordinate or dependent will not be required to vote in determining the final result. The sixth and seventh articles arrange for recording of the votes of the different conferences and congregations, and their reference to the bishops of both bodies, who shall then call a joint meeting of the respective churches, which joint board or council of bishops shall arrange for a meeting of a United General Conference of the African and Zion Methodist Episcopal Church.